

SPRINGFIELD GLOBE-REPUBLIC

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Volume XXX. Number 310.

OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.

Ohio Valley and Tennessee: Cloudy weather generally colder, variable winds, lower barometer.

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MUTINY AND MURDER.

English Sailors Kill Their Captain. Get Caught in a Storm and are Towed Into Plymouth and Into Jail.

Fire at Philadelphia--Thirty-Nine Horses Burned.

Another Ohio Coal Mine Set on Fire--Loss \$200,000.

Opera House Burned.

Investigation as to Causes of Fire.

WASHINGTON, January 29.—At the second day's session of the National Board of Trade, Mr. Covington, reported a resolution from the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, asking an investigation of the cause of waste of the country's wealth by fire, and that investigation be made, either by a committee of the Board, or by a committee to be appointed by Congress. Mr. Covington said that he did not believe in the efficiency of a congressional commission. There was not the slightest doubt that fire losses in this country could be reduced from \$120,000,000 a year to \$100,000,000. He would be glad to have a resolution adopted and forwarded to Follett, member of Congress from Ohio, as he was now acting in a similar matter. The resolution was adopted. The committee to which was referred various propositions touching National Bankrupt legislation presented a report in favor of the enactment of the Bankrupt bill already passed by the senate. The report was adopted. The proposition relating to fictitious bills of lading then came up for discussion and Sterne, of New-York, addressed the Board upon the subject.

A Coal Mine Set on Fire.

CINCINNATI, January 29.—The Times-Star's special says: The New Straitsville, O., mine at Plumtree Hill was fired this morning. There is no hope of extinguishing the fire. The mine is valued at \$200,000. An additional guard was brought here yesterday. It is supposed that the cause is incendiary.

Mutiny and Murder.

LONDON, January 29.—The crew of the British bark Wellington mutinied off Cornwall, killed the captain and severely wounded the mate. The captain and mate, in defending themselves, wounded three of the crew. The mutineers being short of hands to manage the ship, made the vessel very tight, to avoid having the vessel wrecked, signaled a passing steamer and were towed into Plymouth, where the mutineers were at once placed under arrest.

The Hennepin Canal at Albany.

ALBANY, January 29.—The Committee on Commerce and Navigation reported favorably Arkell's resolution requesting Congress to appropriate \$30,000,000 for the Hennepin canal. The resolution is being debated with considerable warmth by the Senate. The Assembly adopted the Hennepin Canal resolutions without debate.

Manslaughter.

NEW YORK, January 29.—The jury in the case of Philip Loghes, tried for the murder of his brother-in-law, John Hester, a Bowery tailor, came into court this morning with a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree. The jury strongly recommended the prisoner to the mercy of the court. Judge Gildersleeve sentenced Loghes to State prison for seven years.

Opera House Burned.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., January 27.—In the fire last night the principal losses were the Sampson Opera House, insured for \$30,000; Sampson & Ellis \$12,000; Thomas Burke \$1,500; E. Sherer, \$7,000, on hotel. The fire started in the Sampson Opera House and communicated to E. Sherer's hotel adjoining. Minor losses will run the total up to \$50,000.

Congress.

WASHINGTON, January 28.—SENATE.—No business of consequence was done. The Senate went into executive session and soon after adjourned. HOUSE.—Clay reported concurrent resolution providing for counting presidential vote in the hall of the House. Resolution passed: To report to the House the status of James S. Robinson as a member of that body.

Message from the secretary of the navy received in regard to rewarding certain residents of Siberia for kindness shown the Japanese survivors and members of the search party.

Report presented: The six months' naval appropriation.

Hon. J. W. Reed, member-elect of the House from North Carolina to succeed Mr. Scales, took the oath of office.

Ohio Legislature.

COLUMBUS, January 28.—SENATE.—Bills passed, making appropriations for principal and interest of the public debt. Senate bills for condemning material for road improvements.

HOUSE.—Bills introduced: Providing for sending professional criminals to the penitentiary for life; giving managers of the penitentiary a salary; for Governor's mansion; authorizing mechanics' institute to borrow money; making terms of county treasurer three years, extending time for shooting ducks thirty days.

Bills passed: House bills prohibiting houses of opium joints; prohibiting railroads from employing persons who are color blind; amending jury laws; Mr. Little's bill authorizing Springfield to construct improvements and issue bonds to pay for the same; requiring infamy directors to approve bills; authorizing construction of Franklin court house. Senate joint resolution indorsing the Nicaragua canal was adopted. House joint resolutions were adopted requesting State Horticultural society to collect statistics regarding yellow in peaches, and thanking William Henry Smith for compiling St. Clair papers.

Cable Broken.

New-York, January 29.—The manager of the Direct Cable Company says: "Our cable to the 300 miles east of Nova Scotia. It will be repaired immediately. It is expected it will be in working order next week. We have made arrangements for business by another cable."

Thirty-Nine Horses Burned to Death.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., January 29.—A fire in the livery stable of Charles E. Smith completely destroyed the building and thirty-nine horses were burned to death.

NEWS NOTES.

Two Hebrews, one a Russian and the other an Austrian, have joined the Methodists, at Cincinnati, and will study for the ministry. Thankful Tanner, who was knocked down by Mrs. Garfield's horses, was kindly cared for by that lady, who supposed she was not seriously injured. She now runs for \$25,000. The Cleveland Plain Dealer says she "has figured conspicuously in police circles."

Active Democratic politicians are asking Hoadly to appoint L. A. Rangan or J. L. Wilson, of Warren county, to succeed Judge Smith.

A meeting of Cincinnatians who are in favor of transforming the canal into a boulevard will be held in the Music Hall, Saturday night, and the Ohio Legislature is expected to be present, en masse.

The National Silver convention, having for its object the organization of a systematic and determined opposition to the demonetization of silver, and to prevent by all possible means any legislation in Congress looking to the decrease of the present rate of silver coinage, assembled in Denver, Wednesday afternoon, July 1, 1900 delegates were present, representing Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico and Wyoming. A temporary organization was effected.

Ex-Governor Moses, of South Carolina, is a dead beat fraud.

The Liberty bell is in place at the exposition at New Orleans.

During the series of battles, including the conflict at Abu Klea wells, the rebel loss in killed and wounded was about 3,000, and the British loss 104 killed and 216 wounded. General Gordon is in full communication with the Stewart expedition and he has given to it 500 of his men. Sir Charles Beresford has gone to Khartoum to confer with Gordon. One of Gordon's vessels bombarded Shendi, almost destroying it. The Mahdi is reported to intend reinforcing his men at Metemneh, and further hand fighting is probable. British reinforcements are hastening from Korti to Gubat, the route being open.

A report is circulated in London that a female was captured while entering the Royal Exchange with dynamite in her possession. Three men, her supposed accomplices, are also reported arrested.

Governor Stanford, of California, was elected United States Senator.

The New York Legislature has passed an anti-dynamite bill.

The Republicans of Chillicothe, Ohio, have organized a "Garfield Club."

Edward Perry was killed by an engine on the Wabash Road at Danville, Ind.

Chas. J. Rogers was hanged at Portland, Oregon, for a murder committed last October.

The residence of C. R. Stanhope, of West Williamsfield, Ohio, was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$30,000.

Herbert Goodall, of Ironton, Ohio, attempted to take his own life while delirious of typhoid fever.

H. H. Warner, the patent medicine man of Rochester, N. Y., is a Republican candidate for Governor.

Colonel W. H. Hill, ex-President of the Board of Hamilton County Commissioners, is dying at his home at Sharon, O.

Rev. R. F. Thomas, pastor of the Methodist Church at Lancaster, O., has been adjudged insane and sent to the Columbus Asylum.

Dora Efferman, sixteen years old, was arrested at Palestine, Ind., on several charges of arson, to three of which she pleaded guilty.

The Tax-payers' League of Cincinnati determined to send a committee of fifty to Columbus to watch the Democratic Legislature.

A number of fishing craft were overtaken by a blizzard off New Foundland, and some lost. The crews of the missing craft number fifty sailors.

Kate Conner, an employe at Gray & Eddy's furniture manufactory, Detroit, Mich., fell through the elevator shaft from the fifth floor and was instantly killed.

There is trouble brewing in the Tuscarawas Valley mining region, the miners declining to accept the reduction which is ordered to go into effect on February 1.

An exploring party has left Portland, Oregon, for a two-year tour up the Copper river to its source, across country to the headwaters of the Yukon river, and down that to St. Michaels.

The jury in the case of Miss Alice Canoy vs. the Panhandle railroad for damages sustained by the death of her husband, who was killed on the road at Logansport, Ind., returned a verdict for \$5,000.

A drunken Hungarian, at Penn Haven Junction, Pa., threw his child upon a red-hot stove, and when the mother ran to rescue it, knocked her down and beat her in a terrible manner. Mother and child are expected to die.

A bill making the Governor, Auditor of State and Secretary of State a commission to provide a Governor's residence, at a cost not to exceed \$50,000, is now in the House and likely to pass that body. Meantime the Smith residence, near the Capitol, is to be sold by order of Court, and it is supposed it will be knocked down within the amount named in the House bill.

Our diplomatic establishment consists of thirty-six missions, filled by fifty Ministers and Secretaries of Legation. There are four first-class missions with annual salaries of \$17,500 each. These are to England, France, Germany and Russia. The seven missions in the second class are to Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Brazil, China, and Japan, the salary being \$12,000 a year. The other diplomatic places are worth from \$10,000 to \$5,000 for Ministers, and from \$2,000 to \$1,800 for Secretaries. The consular service embraces five places at \$8,000, three at \$6,000, one at \$4,500, five at \$4,000, eight at \$3,500, thirty-five at \$2,000, fifty-nine at \$1,500, and twenty-five at \$1,000; thirty-six Consuls and consular officers are paid by fees.

HER PRIDE GAVE WAY.

Kate Willis was proud, although Aunt Dorothea Barnes, with whom she lived, and whose income from well-invested securities was ten thousand a year, oftentimes declared, with a toss of her gray head, that "she didn't see what right poor people had to be proud."

Aunt Dorothea didn't really mean to be cruel, but she had been disappointed in love when a young woman; and as years passed leaving her still unwedded, she grew cynical, and said a great many sharp things to conceal her really good heart.

Men all said that Kate Willis was beautiful. She was tall, willowy, statuesque, and little given to emotion.

Aunt Dorothea, in her sharp, incisive way, declared that her niece's heart was a lump of ice, and was out of all patience with her for declining the many offers of marriage that were made her by men in every way eligible.

Philip Beauchamp, whose mother was Dorothea Barnes's old friend, came some from abroad, after an absence of ten years, rich, handsome, polished, educated, and cultured.

Shortly after his return, he called to pay his respects to Miss Dorothea, and the rich spinster received him very graciously.

After he left, she fell into a deep reverie.

At the end of half an hour, she sprang suddenly to her feet, and struck the floor sharply with her gold-headed stick.

"I'll do it!" she cried. "If that girl don't marry Philip Beauchamp, I'll do it myself!"

By "that girl," she meant her niece, who, all unconscious of her aunt's plans for her future, was serenely riding through the park, cool, impassive, and thoroughly content with herself and her surroundings.

She came home in time for dinner, and Miss Dorothea eyed her sharply.

"Kate," she said, as the solemn butler removed the covers, "you grow more beautiful every day, and it's high time you were thinking about marriage."

"Really, aunt?" began Kate. Miss Dorothea lifted her white hand warningly.

"Don't interrupt me please," she said, and Kate raised her large eyes to her aunt's face.

"Philip Beauchamp called to see me this afternoon. He has been away from England for ten years, completing his education. You have heard me speak of his mother?"

"Yes, auntie, often."

"She was my oldest friend, and I, of course, feel an interest in her son. He is like his mother, and has a very comfortable income. He is a very capable man, and will make a fine son-in-law."

"I am certain he is heart-free, for I took the pains to inquire. If you want to please me, you'll marry him."

"But really, auntie," said Kate, and her arched brows were elevated. "I have never seen him. I hardly think I have the courage to propose to any man—least of all to Philip Beauchamp. I don't think I shall like him. Agnes Saunders met him in Paris last year, and she says he is awfully conceited."

"Agnes Saunders is a little fool," said Miss Dorothea, her gray eyes snapping at hearing her hero disparaged. "Philip Beauchamp is a gentleman, and his family on both sides is as good as any in the country."

She was becoming angry, and Kate, who knew what her aunt's anger would mean, said no more, and experience, adroitly changed the subject.

Philip Beauchamp called the next evening, and it was plain to see that Kate's statuesque beauty and cool, dignified reserve impressed him.

He begged permission to call again, and she was thrown in contact a great deal.

During the hot months, he was a constant visitor at Sea View, Miss Dorothea's charming country cottage, and he and Kate were together constantly.

One day he came into Miss Dorothea's cool sitting-room, flushed and excited, and after considerable stammering and hesitation, asked permission to woo and win the spinster's pretty niece.

It was accorded him very graciously, and he went on to say that he had the object of his adoration in a very happy frame of mind.

He was a good judge of human nature, and during the few months of their acquaintance he had made Kate a study.

He knew better, therefore, than to be precipitate, and although an avowal of love trembled on his lips many times, prudence, and a sincere desire to win Kate's heart, controlled him.

One day in August, when a soft haze clouded the horizon, and the blue sky overhead was as pure and bright as the sea, he came to the beach, and strolled some distance up the beach, and finally took shelter in a cool grove among the rocks.

There was something in the sensuous lap of the ocean, and the cooling breeze, the azure sky, and the sun-drenched beach, that had a powerful effect upon him.

Even Kate's heart was stirred, and she listened with flushed cheeks and beaming eyes to the man beside her.

Suddenly he caught her hand in both of his own, and carried it to his face. He kissed it, and he had pictured this very scene, and committed to memory the gallant little speech he was to utter.

Now he could only say: "Miss Willis—Kate—I love you. I love you. Be my wife. I love you."

He had expected hesitation, coyness, and finally a trembling admission that his love was returned; but he was not prepared for the cool reply that followed his passionate avowal.

She withdrew her hand, and looked him full in the face with eyes that never wavered from his.

"I certainly feel very much honored," Mr. Beauchamp, she said, and her tone sent an icy chill to his heart; "but really I have never thought of such a thing as marriage."

Mad words rose to Philip's lips, and he felt blood surging to his face. He checked himself by an effort, and bowed.

"Pardon me," he said, "if I have offended you."

His voice trembled, and he continued: "But I do love you, Kate, and it is in your power to make or mar my happiness."

She did not deign him a reply, but arose languidly.

"I believe I shall go back to the city, this evening, Miss Dorothea," he said, with a faint smile. "Kate has refused me."

He held out his hand as though in parting, but Miss Dorothea waved him to a seat beside her.

"I am older than you, Philip," she said, "and I know that proud-spirited, foolish girl better than you. She loves you, and if you go away discouraged at her first refusal, you are not the son of your mother, for she was a woman of the most persistent determination."

Philip's face lighted up at these words.

"I hope you are right," he said; "but she is so cold!"

"Love will thaw her," said the spinster sagely. "Remain here on the same footing as before. In my advice, and wait for a favorable opportunity to again press your suit."

"I'll do it!" he cried.

And when Kate came down in a bewitching dinner costume, he greeted her in the old friendly way.

She colored at first, but recovering her composure, took his arm, and he led her in to dinner.

A month passed away, and he had made no progress.

Cold weather came on, and the owner of Sea View went back to the city.

Philip accompanied the party, and at parting promised to see much of them during the winter season.

About a week after their return to the city, Kate received an invitation from her friend, Agnes Saunders, to pay her a visit.

The Saunders had a charming residence in the Midlands, and Kate gladly accepted the invitation.

She dispatched a letter of acceptance, and fixed the hour of her arrival at Saunders, which was the nearest station to Oakdale.

Upon consulting the railway timetable, she found she would reach there about sun-down.

The Saunders' carriage would be in waiting to drive her to Oakdale.

The heavens threatened rain the evening of her departure, and the October air was chill and damp.

Kate settled herself comfortably in the train, and opening the latest novel, sought to while away the four hours of weary journey before her in following the adventures of the hero and heroine.

She became quite interested in the book, and the hours passed by unheeded.

The hoarse voice of the guard calling "Churchville," roused her, and dropping the book, she started to her feet.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Was there ever anything so stupid? I've passed my station."

She looked out of the carriage window and beckoned to the guard.

"Have we passed Saunders?" she asked.

"Yes, miss. It was our last station."

"How far is Churchville from Saunders?" she asked.

"Eight miles."

She could have cried with vexation. "I suppose I had better get off here," she said.

And the guard escorted her to the platform.

In a minute she was alone, and the train was speeding away in the distance.

Churchville consisted of a small station, surrounded on all sides by a dark and gloomy forest of pines, through whose slender needles the night air sobbed with a dull and eerie moan.

Involuntarily Kate shivered, and looked around her.

In the distance was a house, and a man was coming down the road towards the little station.

"That must be the station-master," she thought.

And when he stepped on to the platform, she walked towards him.

"How soon does the next train pass town to town?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

"Six o'clock to-morrow morning," was the gruff answer.

"Can I telephone to Saunders?" she asked.

"Is there a hotel near here?" she asked.

"There is one at the town four miles from here."

"Are you the station-master?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you can advise me what to do," said Kate, choking down a sob, and she told her story.

"I reckon you'll have to foot it back to Saunders, or wait for the next train."

"Can you accommodate me with lodging?" she asked.

"No; my old woman's sick, and we ain't got no room for travelers."

"Can I stay in the station all night?" queried the girl, growing desperate.

"No; 't a't against orders."

"But, sir," she said, and her proud lips trembled, "you surely wouldn't refuse me shelter on such a night as this? I don't like to be out here, and give you no trouble."

"Ain't got no room," reiterated the man as he moved away.

"Heavens!" cried Kate, now thoroughly alarmed. "Don't leave me here!"

The man quickened his pace, and Kate ran after him, crying and wringing her hands.

She heard the rattle of carriage wheels coming down the sandy road, and a light buggy, in which two men were seated, drove up to the station.

"Hallo, Angell!" cried one of the new arrivals.

The station-master turned and retraced his steps.

Kate, who thought that she might get a ride in the carriage to the town, four miles away, walked forward also.

The man who had hailed the station-master, jumped out to the platform, and his companion followed him.

As Kate approached, both men raised their hats.

"Gentlemen," she began, but stopped suddenly, as one of the men sprang forward with a cry of recognition.

"Miss Willis—Kate!"

"Philip!" she cried.

And forgetting her dignity and reserve, she sprang forward and was clasped in Philip Beauchamp's arms.

The tears that had so heavily streamed down her face now, and he kept her sobbing face to his.

"I will drive you to Oakdale, myself," said Philip; "that is, if Jack, my brother, will allow me the use of his buggy."

"Certainly, my dear fellow," said Hubbard. "I can make my way back to town."

And turning to Angell, the station-master, he bade him roundly for his churlishness and brutality.

Philip lifted Kate into the buggy, arranged her sash and parcels under the seat—her trunk had been put at Saunders—and then picking up the reins, took his place beside her.

They drove off into the gathering gloom, and by nine o'clock, Kate reached her destination.

She wrote to her aunt the next day, giving a full history of her adventures, and the aged spinster smiled gleefully at the story.

over this paragraph:

"Phil is down here with a friend shooting. If he had not arrived so opportunely, I should have died of fright. During the drive to Oakdale, he asked me to be his wife and I accepted him."

The Supreme Court of New York Unsexes Women.

The beautiful romance which attaches to the person and character of woman is gradually giving way before that which is called modern progress. If it continues until the fact shall be placed on a complete equality before the law, as the phrase runs, with the coarser sex, the office of the romantic, novelist, poet, painter and sculptor will be gone. It is a reform backward, for it violates the law of science which relates to the mentally and bodily differences of the sexes, and of that spiritual or soul organization which, rising superior to mere matter, purities and beautifies it. Homer today would not be Homer were it not for his Helen, and Phidias would be less Phidias were it not for his Venus de Medici, and Titian less Titian were it not for his glorious Aphrodite. And then what would become of the two Lords Lytton, of Seaburne, and indeed, of grand old Sir Walter Scott, when women are no longer lovely heroines? Make woman a voter, an office holder, a jury-woman, a business trader and she is at once pulled from the heroic pedestal. Judge Brown, of the Supreme Court of this State, has decided that a woman cannot, only be a business partner of her husband, but can form such co-partnership with any other man. The decision was rendered in Newburg, in sight of the headquarters of Washington, whose idea was that woman should be, most womanly, and which was heartily concurred in by Mrs. Washington, an American pattern wife for the world, and for all time. Other judges, notably Judge Westbrook, have decided that business co-partnerships of husband and wife are unauthorized by the laws of New York, but Judge Brown decides that they are legal, and that the wife's estate is liable for the debts of such co-partnership. But Judge Brown takes the cake when he says that a married woman can enter into a co-partnership with a person other than her husband as if she were a single woman, and carry on business together. Suppose that a pretty young wife of an ugly old colder should become "mashed" on a handsome young fellow and find it difficult to enjoy his company owing to the jealousy of her husband, who objects to his coming to her house as a friendly visitor? All the scapegraces have to do is to enter into business as co-partners, and while that silences the gossip of neighbors, it legally allows the lovers to be together continually. Suppose, too, that a married man should fall in love with his neighbor's wife, the same sort of co-partnership would compel his wife to put up with his absence at "the store" with his fair partner. She could not intrude herself into their counting-room and business co-partnership would furnish no ground for divorce, and so, also with the husband of the business woman! Social things would soon become inextricably mixed and marriage a farce. Judge Brown, perhaps, did not consider what an Australian boom-brother his decision is. Let us have a real live woman who knows nothing of Shillock or his methods, and feel as Owen Meredith did about Madame La Marquise:

"As she glides up the sunlight! You'd say she was made. And now about the children—ing. And at dusk on a sofa, to lean in the shade of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while!"

—N. Y. Mercury.

The Smart Salesman.

"One night a sailor came into the store and wanted to buy a blanket. Of course he wanted a cheaper one than any we had in stock. I was afraid my man—he hadn't been here long—would let him go. Not a bit of it. He marched him off to a lot of big horse-blankets and pointed out their size and dilated on their merits. The sailor seemed pleased at the size and quality, but asked what he was to do for it."

"Oh," said my man, "that's a new thing and very popular. You just get into your berth and pass this belt (meaning the surging) through those holes and fasten it around you, and it ain't slip off. We sell lots of them, but if you don't like it, we'll take it back. The sailor did like it and paid his money and left the store happy."

"Another time we had a pair of fur-lined boots or shoes we could not get rid of. When,